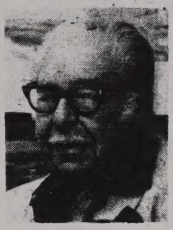
It's the opposite sex that should keep their shirts on

By Curt Gerling

Ridge Runner



As a longtime student and admirer of the female figure, we gladly endorse the campaign of the Topfree 10, who seek the same privileges as the male, who is permitted to go shirtless.

If the ladies chose to expose their mammilla, we have no objection, although it would seem to us that those whose bosoms require more than a C- or D-cup should use some discretion. Such self-imposed restriction might also be observed by the extremely pendulous. We realize that all females are not endowed with the gifts of the Venus de Milo.

To the well-traveled American, baring the breasts is not novel. From France's Saint-Tropez, where a covered bosom would be considered a novelty, to the many Clubs Mediterranean that dot the islands of the world. Some years ago, the Caribbean Islands began to alter their views on semi-nudity and partitioned off small beach areas where milady could bare her chest. Even the public Doctor's Cave Beach in Montego Bay, Jamaica, now has an area where the topless bathycopian female may sun herself.

Also in Jamaica, at the Hedonism Club at Negril, there is a well-patronized section devoted to those who subscribe to the pleasure of complete nudity. In our brief sorties to the area we noted that the macromastic, or generously endowed, bosoms were not very often displayed but the protuberant and rare and much-envied *retrousse* type was much in evidence. Thus it seems milady has a tendency to police herself from self-embarrassment.

The Topfree 10 claim that their display of the bosom is a protest that men may go topless, but they cannot, and, thus, they are victims of discrimination, which is probably true.

While we are on the subject, we think that many a male figure should be well covered, chest and all. There is nothing more ludicrous and offensive as the big-bellied male, parading the beaches as if he were Adonis. These characters, who look like they may be in the last stages of pregnancy, should be told to keep their shirts on. If they don't know it, they are both repulsive and obscene.

And those hirsute gentlemen whose black and fuzzy gobs of hair, front and back, make them more like gorillas than men should wear something like the late, unlamented Nehru jackets.

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